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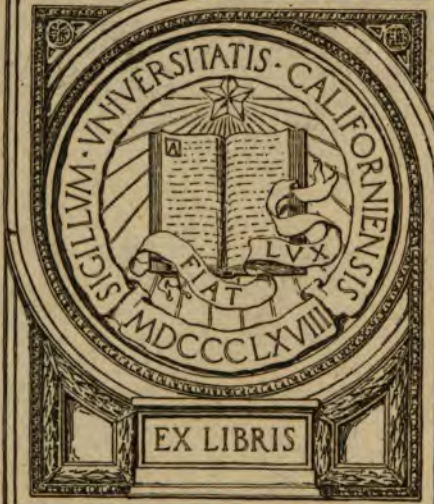

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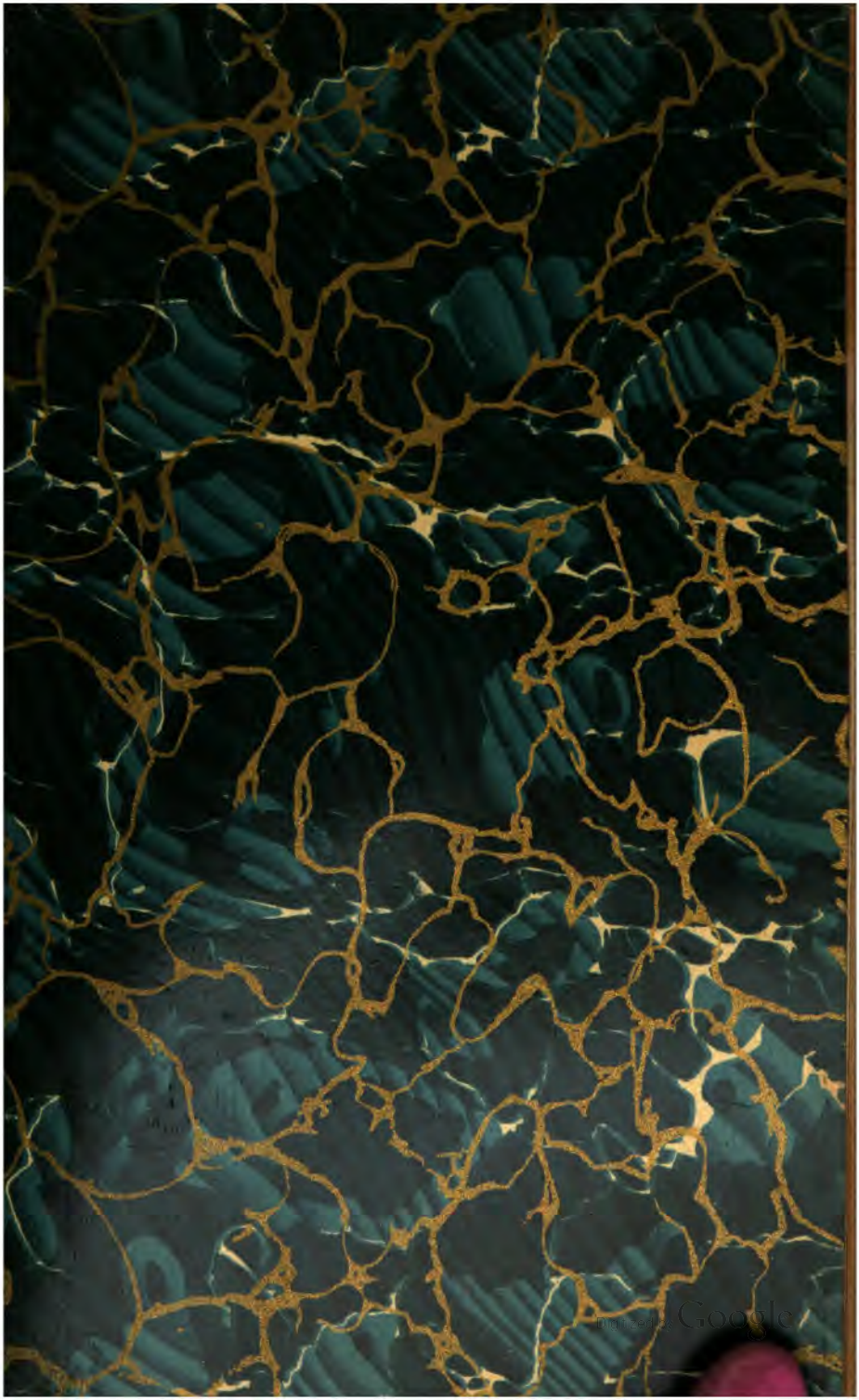

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THE TWILIGHT *of* THE KING

The Sixteenth Grove Play

Bohemian Club

1918

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THE TWILIGHT OF THE KINGS

A Masque of Democracy

BY

RICHARD M. HOTALING

MUSIC BY

WALLACE A. SABIN

LYRICS
(EXCEPTING SONG OF LOVE)
BY

GEORGE STERLING

THIS IS THE SIXTEENTH
GROVE PLAY OF THE BOHEMIAN
CLUB OF SAN FRANCISCO, AS PERFORMED
BY ITS MEMBERS IN THE BOHEMIAN GROVE,
SONOMA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, THE
NIGHT OF SATURDAY, AUGUST
THIRD, NINETEEN HUNDRED
AND EIGHTEEN

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

BOHEMIAN CLUB
SAN FRANCISCO
MCMXVIII

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BY RICHARD M. HOTALING

PRESS OF
H. S. CROCKER COMPANY
SAN FRANCISCO

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FOREWORD

THIS Grove Play is an Allegory of the horrible blood drama of reality that for four years has been enacting upon the world's red stage—the battlefields of Europe. There is nothing that is new or startling in any thought that it contains. I offer it to the Bohemian Club simply as my participation in Club spirit. Without affectation or want of sincerity, I do not hesitate to admit my lack of literary quality; I have tried to tell a story of interest which would afford opportunity for musical setting and spectacular grouping.

The musical genius of Wallace A. Sabin never fails to transport its hearers to the realm of his dreams.

The visions of Haig Patigian show us beauties that without his aid we should never see.

The unerring stage direction of Frank L. Mathieu transforms the poor abilities of our actors into a certain degree of skill, and for the time being they really seem to be what they hope to simulate.

Harry P. Carlton, able assistant to all who ask his help, builds the stage properties with the deftness of the true artist.

Eugene Blanchard labors with our chorus till they sing in genuine joy and faultless harmony.

Porter Garnett, willing to work and kindly to counsel, has been of great assistance in preparation of this Play Book.

Then Edward J. Duffey. An inspiration to all his colleagues, and the wizard of our Forest illumination.

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To these the Bohemian Club is greatly indebted, not only for past performances, but for whatever may be the success or merits of this present year's Grove Play.

It has been the custom briefly to sketch the plot of the Play. I have not done so. Those who are interested enough in it will read it throughout; those who see its production, and who take little time for reading, will have a far better picture in their memory than could be conjured by the text alone. My only hope is that "The Twilight of the Kings" may be worthy of acceptance into the goodly association of former Grove Plays of the Bohemian Club.

RICHARD M. HOTALING, SIRE.

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PERSONS OF THE PLAY

KING FEROX	Mr. Richard M. Hotaling
PRINCE ALFORD, *his son*	Mr. Dion R. Holm
KING HAGEN	Mr. George J. Mayerle, Jr.
PRINCE ERIC, *his son*	Mr. Harold K. Baxter
KING HUGO	Mr. August M. Aguirre
PRINCE HAROLD, *his son*	Mr. Charles F. Bulotti
KING AGNAR	Mr. John I. Housman
PRINCE ARNOLD, *his son*	Mr. Austin W. Sperry
LORD SELWYN, *warden of the princes*	Mr. Frank P. Deering
ATTICUS, *tutor of the princes*	Mr. Winfield Blake
THE CASTLE HERALD	Mr. Harry P. Carlton
FIRST STEWARD	Mr. Joseph S. Thompson
SECOND STEWARD	Mr. Charles C. Trowbridge
THIRD STEWARD	Mr. Fred A. Denicke
A PAGE	Mr. Edward V. Saunders
FIRST PEASANT	Mr. John McEwing
SECOND PEASANT	Mr. A. A. Arbogast
THIRD PEASANT	Mr. John R. Gwynn
FOURTH PEASANT	Mr. E. H. Denicke
FIFTH PEASANT	Mr. Edgar D. Peixotto

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SIXTH PEASANT, *who sings the Song of Love*	Mr. Easton Kent
SEVENTH PEASANT	Mr. C. E. Engvick
FIRST KNIGHT	Mr. E. L. Taylor
SECOND KNIGHT	Mr. R. E. Fisher
THIRD KNIGHT	Mr. Harold Brayton
FOURTH KNIGHT	Mr. G. Pulenky
FIFTH KNIGHT, *who sings the Drinking Song*	Mr. Jerome P. Uhl
A YEOMAN *who dances at the banquet*	Mr. Edward J. Duffey

Knights, Yeomen, Peasants, Servants

Place: A castle in Sylvania.
Time: Between darkness and light.

* * *

Stage Director, Mr. Frank L. Mathieu

Lighting and Illumination by Mr. Edward J. Duffey

Properties by Mr. Harry P. Carlton

Director of Dance, Mr. P. J. Prinz

* * *

Chorus Master, Mr. Eugene Blanchard
and
Conductor, Mr. Wallace A. Sabin

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CHORUS AND SUPERNUMERARIES

KING HAGEN'S MEN:	Mr. C. F. Clevenger	Mr. J. A. Stroud
	Mr. W. H. Hopkinson	Mr. R. I. Lynas
	Mr. R. L. White	M. E. H. McCandlish
	Mr. A. L. Piper	Mr. Chester Herold
	Mr. J. D. Ruggles	Mr. P. S. Carlton
	Mr. Otis Johnson	Mr. R. O. Bokee
	Mr. C. J. Evans	Mr. H. F. Hiller
KING HUGO'S MEN:	Mr. William Cross	Mr. T. G. Whitaker
	Mr. W. A. Mitchell	Mr. Mark White
	Mr. A. Y. Wood	Mr. R. H. Collier
	Mr. F. C. Schuler	Mr. A. H. Still
	Mr. F. N. Anderson	Mr. W. P. Nielsen
	Mr. Richard Lundgren	Mr. William Olney
	Mr. G. R. Williams	Mr. W. F. Hooke
	Mr. R. A. Brown	
KING AGNAR'S MEN:	Mr. G. A. Rogers	Mr. David Eisenbach
	Mr. R. Probasco	Mr. C. A. Rieser
	Mr. R. B. Heath	Mr. J. I. Thomas
	Mr. Harold Brayton	Mr. Ed Hause
	Mr. F. Towner	Mr. H. E. Hare
	Mr. E. W. Roland	Mr. B. M. Stich
	Mr. R. A. Kuner	Mr. Jerome P. Uhl
	Mr. Edwin Draper	
KING FEROX'S MEN:	Mr. G. Purlenky	Mr. E. M. Moore
	Mr. W. W. Davis	Mr. F. Wilkens
	Mr. T. G. Elliott	Mr. Benj. Romaine
	Mr. W. E. Hague	Mr. C. F. Volker
	Mr. A. G. Kellogg	Mr. A. F. Lawton
	Mr. W. S. Newmeyer	Mr. C. C. Crane
	Mr. H. B. Johnson	Mr. E. J. Cowles
	Mr. R. H. Lachmund	Mr. G. R. Schwartz
LORD SELWYN'S SOLDIERS:	Mr. C. F. Humphrey	Mr. H. D. Loveland
	Mr. L. W. Mix	Mr. E. Jesurun
	Mr. A. P. Redding	Mr. J. P. Wisser
	Mr. W. H. Jordan	Mr. E. T. McMurray
LORD SELWYN'S SERVITORS:	Mr. Gordon Hall	Mr. Geo. T. Klink
	Mr. W. H. Crim, Jr.	Mr. Chas. K. Field
	Mr. H. M. A. Miller	Mr. Geo. Hammersmith
	Mr. A. G. Heunisch	Mr. Chester Thomas
	Mr. McKee Sherrard	Mr. Russell B. Field

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PLAN OF THE MUSIC

1. Prelude.
2. Glee sung by approaching Peasants.
3. Wander Song of Atticus.
4. The Prince's Song of Peace.
5. March and Chorus for entrance of Kings.
6. Drinking Song.
7. Hornpipe.
8. Song of Love.
9. War Chorus.
10. Ballet Suite—Dance of the Wee Small Hours:
    a. Night and the World sleeps.
    b. The waning light of moon and stars.
    c. Approach of Dawn.
    d. Daylight and the World awakes.
11. Funeral March—Death of Ferox.
12. Finale.

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THE TWILIGHT OF THE KINGS

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THE TWILIGHT OF THE KINGS

A Masque of Democracy

EPISODE I

The scene is before LORD SELWYN'S *castle, at the foot of a hillside in a forest of great trees. The portal of the castle gives upon a landing from which, on the right and left, two stairways descend. Between the stairways is a vault, closed by a heavy door. One of the windows, high in the castle wall, opens upon a balcony. At a little distance from the castle stands a rude work-shop in which are the various appliances, tools, instruments, and flasks of the smith and the chemist. It is just before the break of day.*

[PRINCE ALFORD *is discovered in the work-shop. He has just completed an object on which he was at work, and stands in a transport of joy.*

PRINCE ALFORD

The night's hushed eloquence repeats
The message that so oft the stars
Have flashed adown their silvern beams,
And now my heart o'erswells in prophecy.
From out the eternal fellowship
Of years, there stands upon the brink
Of time the greatest day of man.
The day wherein the souls of men,

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Made conscious by a quickening sense,
Shall see with vision clear. Then shall
It be revealed that life is but
A prelude of the heaven to come
And not a causeway to the gates
Of hell. The music of the spheres
A strain divine shall be, relieved
Of all that crashes out of tune.
United in a common cause, humanity shall find
The strength of one the bond of all.
So shall it be that hate 'twixt man and man
And state and state shall pass.
Within the brotherhood of all,
Each shall perceive his fitting place
And do his work without complaint.
The greater man is he who is
Of greater use and bears himself
In sweet simplicity. Ere long
There'll be no room for idleness
And waste, and only those who are
Of use shall be of the elect.
Shine forth, O stars, upon my path,
Guide me aright, let me not fail,
But boldly face my destiny,
Unswerving, unafraid. Be with
Me now, my hour is at hand.
Within my grasp hold I a force
That now I'll put to test.
And if my dream come true, I have
Not toiled in vain. Now let me try
If all the secrets I have learned
Have been by me combined with skill
Into a union wonderful.
Each single thing alone is weak,

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But here a magic blend I've made
Of substances of single harmlessness,
But thus combined
Create a force that none alone
Intrinsic has. E'en as with man!
Beneath this rotting stump
I'll bury thee, and thus
I touch with fire thy stem.
Behold! My heart cries out in joy,
I am of holy baptism,
I am of use to man.
Now shall the land be cleared
Of stubborn stones and hindering stumps,
And everything that takes the space
Of better things must go.
Much killing toil shall be made light
And great achievements shall be done,
For every force revealed to man
Proclaims triumphant victories;
So on and on till men become as gods.
Now shall the rocks be slain,
And land be pulverized for
Gentle growing plants.
I've labored well, and soon
I shall reveal unto my
Brother man this mystery I have made.
But, lest some mischief should befall,
Let me this power conceal
From careless hands that know not of its might.
Where shall I find a place secure?
Yes, there within that room of death—
That room so set apart as prison cell
For such unlucky prince whose sire
Should break the compact of the warring kings.

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None enters there, it is a cursèd spot,
So there my engines of this new-born might
Will rest secure and undisturbed.
But let me haste, for morning sings
Her wakening tune.
It is a stirring day. For now
My father comes and all the other kings
Assemble here their compact to renew.
The annual feast is held, and they
Shall greet their loving sons
In Selwyn's keeping placed
As hostages of peace.
Oh, joyful day! I am impatient as a restless child
To greet my sire
And tell him of this new-born might
That I have captive made to serve
The will of man.

[*The light increases with the advance of morning. Singing is heard, and a company of Peasants, carrying various burdens, enters.*

PEASANTS (*Singing*)

Who says that life is only care?
Fa la la la.
We say the world is very fair!
Fa la la la.
In summer, autumn, and the spring,
How can a body help but sing?
So let's put by all sorrow!
But if it should be winter
We'll whistle for the winter
Fa la la la.
Oh, cast your care upon the air!

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And twine the grape vines in your hair!
Forget about to-morrow.

Oh, joy and youth are ours to-day!
Fa la la la.
And even older folks are gay!
Fa la la la.
Your hand, your heart, my gentle friend,
And may the revel never end!
Let's fill the night with laughter!
We'll set old Care a-prancing!
We'll set the Joys to dancing!
Fa la la la.
The moon is bright upon the grass.
In yonder glade I see a lass,
And I will follow after.

FIRST PEASANT

I'm glad I've come unto my journey's end, this sheep was heavy on my back.

SECOND PEASANT

And I, too, found this swine no feather's weight.

THIRD PEASANT

Ay! likewise we with fruits and garden truck are pleased to drop our burdens for a breathing spell.

FIRST PEASANT

God's life! This meeting of the kings lays heavy draft upon all husbandry.

SECOND PEASANT

They sure feed fat upon the best there is.

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FIRST PEASANT

They keep us working with but little holiday.

FOURTH PEASANT

I wonder what it's like to be a king. Sometimes I think it must be good, and then again I'm glad I'm what I am.

FIFTH PEASANT

What matters it? Content is all there is, no better gift has life for kings or proletariat.

FIRST PEASANT

'Fore God, where got thee such a word as that? Dost call us names or art thou speaking fair?

SECOND PEASANT

I'll bust your crust for lesser word than that and if you call it me.

[Cries of, *"Ay, Ay!" "What means he!" "I am none such!" "Have at him!"*

FIFTH PEASANT

I meant no harm. I read much out of books. The word was one I saw whose meaning is a kindly one.

THIRD PEASANT

That is the fault of books. It would be well if none had ever been.

FIFTH PEASANT

Ye foolish ones, ye do condemn what ye know nothing of, and would fall to fighting just because of words ye do not understand. Ye are of no more sense than kings.

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SECOND PEASANT

I'm not so strong for kings. I think I'll have a crack at thee.

THIRD PEASANT

Let him be. These fellows who are all of books are ever making strife among us poorer folk.

SECOND PEASANT

And for that very thing I want to thwack him once.

[*Some of the Peasants cry, "Ay, to hell with books!" As they are about to fight three Stewards enter.*

FIRST STEWARD

What's the matter here? Put by this brawl. Be off with you.

SECOND STEWARD

Take your things to the rear wall gate. Ye had no right to halt here at the castle door. Make haste before ye get a broken head or well belabored back.

SECOND PEASANT (*aside*)

I'd like to take a crack at you. You dirty pigs! You're placed here by that swinish king Ferox. Your manner is your give-away.

[*The Peasants go out. The Stewards look cautiously around.*

FIRST STEWARD

Well, what report hast thou to make?

SECOND STEWARD

Our noble Prince Alford all night has worked here at his forge. And just as day was breaking I heard a strange

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but muffled sound. I know not whence it came, and then a brief spell later and the Prince came by the secret door there 'neath the castle steps.

FIRST STEWARD

What then?

SECOND STEWARD

He bore a package in his arms. I know not what it was. I crept discreetly from my hiding place and followed after him. He slunk most cautiously along the halls and climbed the stairs that lead unto that chamber there. The room of death that gives upon that balcony. The thing he carried in his arms he left within that place of baneful dedication. No one dares enter there; 'tis like a room accurst; for 'tis of common talk that he whose feet across that threshold pass, within the day will surely die or else come face to face with death.

FIRST STEWARD

'Tis very strange. Perhaps a tragedy impends. Perhaps it is but foolery. I can not understand the Prince. He, the son of our All Highest King, our King who is the essence of Almighty God. A war-lord greater than great Mars of old and yet begotten of his iron blood there comes this frail—

THIRD STEWARD

Take heed! do not offend our ears by word that we must straight report unto the clerk who keeps account of every utterance that touches our All Highest King or any of his blood.

FIRST STEWARD

I would not have said anything against the Prince.

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He'll be our King some day, and 'twixt a prince and king there lies a stretch as vast as 'twixt the master of a school and him who rules a state. Our Prince will change and then we'll see this gentleness will temper all his reign, perhaps to wisdom greater far than any king who yet has lived.

THIRD STEWARD

That was well said and such will be the record in my next report. (*aside*) Perhaps.

SECOND STEWARD

But come, what's to be done? Is Alford further to be spied upon?

FIRST STEWARD

I'll find a time to have a word with our All Highest King. I'll get instructions from him what is best. Disperse yourselves.

[*A horn is heard.*

The castle wakes.

[*A fanfare of trumpets. Two trumpeters enter and blow a blast. They are followed by Knights, Yeomen, Peasants and the* CASTLE HERALD.

THE CASTLE HERALD

Hear ye the message of Selwyn, our Gracious Lord: Be it known, my people, that this is the Day of Kings. Hither to-day will come the four great Kings as is their custom at this month and phase of moon. They come to greet their well beloved sons placed here as hostage in my care. Thus has the peace of their four kingdoms safely been preserved. For he who breaks his oath would by such breach cause me to slay his first born son placed in gentle

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durance in my custody. I bid ye all rejoice that war, by reason of this compact signed, has fled afield from this fair land. When ye shall hear the pealing of the castle bell it is the signal of the Kings' approach. Prepare ye then the feast. Make glad your hearts that all is well. My gentle watchfulness is over you and mindful am I of your loyalty. Given under hand and seal. Selwyn.

[*There is a flourish of trumpets and the* CASTLE HERALD *goes out.*

FIRST PEASANT

This Selwyn is a gracious lord in truth.

THIRD PEASANT

Better still, he is in deed.

SECOND PEASANT

Better he were king of kings instead of lesser lord.

FIFTH PEASANT

Better 'tis as 'tis. The trouble with the world is not to let things be as best. Our lord is well content to be just what he is. Why mar him by attempt to make a change that may change all for worse. He fills his station well. Let be. Let the blossom be a blossom, why strive to make it fruit unless by nature 'tis ordained for such? Seek not to forge the shepherd's staff into a spear nor turn the poet's quill into a spade.

SECOND PEASANT

There is much in what thou sayest. I'm glad I did not crack thy pate.

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FIFTH PEASANT

Even so. To better understand oft makes us love the ones we first would slay.

SECOND PEASANT

Why, right you are again. Learnst thou that, too, in books?

FIFTH PEASANT

Not in books do we learn true wisdom and content. Read thy own heart and by thy acts translate to life what thou sawest well written there.

SECOND PEASANT

'Fore God. I begin to love thee.

[*The* FIRST STEWARD *enters.*

FIRST SERVANT

Be off—the Princes come. Do not return until ye hear the castle bell.

[*All go out. The three Princes enter carrying bows and arrows. With them are servants carrying targets.*

PRINCE ERIC

Were it not better not to shoot to-day? I'm all atremble in the thought that soon our fathers come to visit us.

PRINCE HAROLD

Not so. We must each day some little practice take. One hour of shirking might bring on a life of woe.

PRINCE ARNOLD

Let's to it, then. Go set the target there. A little farther back, now to the left a bit.

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PRINCE ERIC

I'm sure I'll miss the mark, my hand is shaking so. I'm glad my father is not here as judge. He'd roundly scold me for poor marksmanship.

[*He shoots.*

PRINCE ARNOLD

Well shot. My hand is firm and I'll do well if I can equal thee.

[*He shoots.*

PRINCE HAROLD

'Tis very close. And were it at a human mark, thou sure hadst split a rib.

PRINCE ERIC

A human mark! I often think that if my arrow sank into a human breast my tears would cleanse the wound I'd make.

PRINCE HAROLD

Why, Eric! Is it thou that speak'st thus? Thy words seem falling from Prince Alford's lips.

PRINCE ERIC

Perhaps. I know not what I say. For who can tell until the moment comes how he will answer it? I've heard of horrors done in name of war, that I would think a privilege were mine if I could slay the beasts whose guiltiness would warrant wiping from the earth the hell-brewed race by whom they were begot. In such a case I would not shed a tear.

PRINCE ARNOLD

Hush, not so loud. Too well we know thou speak'st of

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Ferox and the former wars he waged upon our sires. Let not Prince Alford hear thy words. His gentle heart would melt into a balm of mercy and of sorrow, and he would lament in deeming it too small to heal the horrors that his father dealt.

PRINCE HAROLD

I do not care who hears me say I hate this Ferox; for 'tis all of him that we like prisoners must stay cooped up here.

PRINCE ARNOLD

I fear some day he'll break his pledge and wars will be renewed.

PRINCE ERIC

If he do so why then his only son, Prince Alford, will be slain. Lord Selwyn must fulfill his oath.

PRINCE ARNOLD

What cares he for his son? Far less than for the victories of war.

PRINCE ERIC

I would not see Prince Alford die. He is my halvèd heart. A portion of the sun will pass when his light is put out.

PRINCE HAROLD

'Tis strange so foul a bulb as Ferox is should grow so fine a bloom. In equal measure of the sire's hate, we have of love for son. A noble youth, excelling us in every sport, and yet, withal, of gentleness extreme and of a mind so studious he's far ahead before we have begun.

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PRINCE ERIC

What think'st thou 'tis that at his forge he works at in the night? When I have asked, he simply smiles and says I'll know that selfsame day when to himself 'tis known.

PRINCE HAROLD

He speaks in riddles and he works at them, but if 'tis witchcraft, let him fear its force, 'twill do him harm, for he who works at night works in the devil's day.

PRINCE ARNOLD

Nay, have an end. We cheat our time for archery.

[*He shoots.*

There, see! A perfect mark!

[PRINCE ERIC *is about to draw his bow when a voice without is heard singing.*

THE VOICE (*singing without*)

Clouds and winds and men who wander,
Tell me what you seek,
Ever hungry for the Yonder,
Past the purple peak.
Now you launch the painted galleys,
Spread the leaping sail—
Through the forest, down the valley,
Take the chartless trail:
Tell me, unreturning soul,
Tell me what's the goal!

PRINCE ERIC

Whose song is that? Nay, hark! 'Tis Atticus. How sweetly dear he sings. Forth at his lips his soul he pours in thought of those he loves.

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THE VOICE

Shall that hunger find no curing,
Whatso'er befall,
While the blue horizon, luring,
Sends a siren-call?
Must the farthest be the dearest,
You that seek a star?
Shall you always scorn the nearest
For the strange and far?
Turn, O wanderer. Turn to rest.
Home was ever best.

PRINCE HAROLD

Teacher beloved.

PRINCE ARNOLD

And friend in all there is.

PRINCE ERIC

Come, let us welcome him.

[ATTICUS *enters.*

ATTICUS

Belovèd youths. I thrill with joy in greeting you. Come yet again your arms in friendship's warm embrace. But tell me where is Prince Alford?

PRINCE ERIC

Most of the night he toils there at the forge. It seems as if in magic dust he makes endeavor to impound a thunderbolt. He is o'erwrought and now I think he sleeps.

PRINCE HAROLD

Nay. See, he comes.

[PRINCE ALFORD *enters.*

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PRINCE ALFORD

My dear, good friend, I heard your song, sweet ever as of old. Needless to ask if you fare well. Such song as thine came never from infirmity.

ATTICUS

Yes. God be praised, I am quite well. But what is this that I am told? Thou laborest through the witching night and slight by day thy skill at arms?

PRINCE ALFORD

Put by such doubts, for watch and see.

[*He shoots.*

ATTICUS

Ever the same belovèd boy. Straight to the center has thy arrow sped.

PRINCE ERIC

I'd hate to be thy foe and have thee use me as thy mark.

PRINCE ALFORD

I am sure thou sayest that to tease. Full well thou knowest that I ne'er would harm my fellowman unless, by death of one, the welfare of the many would be served. Yet even then I'ld have no stomach for the deed. Dear teacher, is it not a grievous thing that men should slaughter men, and all for what? The most we need is raiment, bed and food, and if 'tis blessed with sweet content, there is naught else the body needs. The rest of life is but to serve, each one his brother man, and not to slay or rend him limb from limb. Nay, let us use our skill at arms in sportive rivalry or in defense 'gainst vicious beasts. Save

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always when, at hunger's urge, we need must kill to get us food.

ATTICUS

That is well said—I hate all war. It is the triumph of stupidity. By it the highest of intelligence is made to truckle basely to the vanity of kings. By it are millions of brave-hearted men forced on to die to satisfy the greed of those who little care what be the cost so long as they achieve the satisfaction of their purposes. But tell me now. What is this thing, this magic dust they say thou mak'st by toiling in the midnight hours?

PRINCE ALFORD

It is a mighty power. A giant I have tamed to do man's work. See there? This stump its force has overturned. A thousand such uprooted in a week will give us broader fields.

ATTICUS

To that degree it is a friendly force. But let me warn thee seriously. Dark potencies may lurk in new-found things, and this thy giant force, begotten in philanthropy, may be transmuted to a vicious end, and do the devil's work.

PRINCE ALFORD

That can not be, for if this power be used to slay, then each man with it in his hand becomes his fellow's equal. The strong would fear to overrun or tread upon the weak. Thus by the power that's in this thing will men be drawn to closer fellowship.

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ATTICUS

Oh, better far that love instead of fear induce to brotherhood! The day shall come, and as I speak I feel it close at hand, when war no longer in its charnel reign shall rule the hearts of men.

PRINCE ERIC

God haste the time.

PRINCE ALFORD

And when that day has come, shall not we four in loving compact stand, calling all nations to the Court of Right?

THE OTHER PRINCES

So let it be.

ATTICUS

Join all your hands, and thus you consecrate in solemn pact yourselves and people to the greatest cause on earth. The welfare of humanity. The happiness of man. Now sing to me the Song of Peace, the one thou sang'st that glorious morn when God smiled on the world. Give me again its music and its truth.

PRINCE HAROLD (*singing*)

After all the strife is ended
When the mouth of Mars is dumb,
Joy shall wait us, love befriended,
Peace shall come.

When the foeman's might is broken,
When we stand in masterdom,
Heaven shall grant its fairest token,
Peace shall come.

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When the war of life is ended
O'er the grave the bee shall hum,
There all sorrow shall be mended,
Peace shall come.

[LORD SELWYN *enters.*

LORD SELWYN

Hail, Atticus! And you, my noble youths! Hurry you now away. In proper raiment clothe yourselves your kingly sires to greet. They'll be with us ere long. Go now, array you for the feast.

[*The Princes go out.*

Old friend, thou hast travelled far since last thy foot was set within our court. Give me the story of thy wanderings.

ATTICUS

Dear my lord, my way has led across the realm of those four kings who here to-day in loving tenderness will come to greet their darling sons. I would to heaven I might say in equal loving bond to join their hands in all sincerity to keep the kingly treaty safe.

LORD SELWYN

What dost thou mean?

ATTICUS

Come sit beside me here and hold thyself controlled. I must perforce offend thine ear. There is no other course. Know, dear my lord, three kings hold steadfast to their oath. 'Tis Ferox plans a dastard's damning breach.

LORD SELWYN

Thou addest steel to that which was but fear. Say on.

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ATTICUS

At Ferox's court I rested for a month. The eve before departure fell a feast where wine flowed freer than a mountain stream. My song had words I thought would reach their hearts. How sadly I mistook the nature of that court. My air had scarcely died when, reeling toward me, came a drunken knight. He bawled a song and snapped the strings upon my instrument. The words he sang were horrible, of all the frightfulness of war and treachery, and Ferox roared approval and was foremost in the drunken, riotous applause. Then, heedless in his cups, the drunken one fell on my neck and with his foul and sickening breath he whispered in my ear: "Thus shall King Ferox and his men give treatment to the kingdoms of the other kings, and spit upon the compact that those damnèd fools have made while we made preparation." Then asked I for his plan and when should fall the first stroke of this war. In drunken dignity he drew his height and said: "This month it shall be at the Feast of Kings, when all the kings are trapped at Selwyn's puny court."

LORD SELWYN

Said he no more?

ATTICUS

I questioned: "Shall the stroke fall suddenly?" Whereat he laughed and, lurching forward with a drunken belch, replied:

"When all the swine have left the trough and snoring lie within their straw, then shall we rise and tie them fast, and, throwing wide the gates, our army, close at hand, come rushing in and end the conflict like an ugly dream for those we hate. The life blood of three kings that were shall mix a mud beneath our feet, and when the mess is

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cleared but one All Highest shall remain—King Ferox, Emperor of the land and ready for new victories.

LORD SELWYN

What treachery! The teeming thoughts that shake me thus can find no shaping speech. How fortunate thou heardst. How well that thou wert swift upon thy way. Perchance we can forestall their hellish plan. It may be that the drunkard lied! Yet that's not so. I have been pregnant of this fear and now 'tis born. Thou hast delivered me and yet I know not how to care for it. What's to be done? My men at arms are naught against an army horde. I'll summon forth a few for conference. What ho! Who waits?

[*Going to the castle door he summons a page.*

Go bid my stewards and chief warden come to me. Were it well to beard this Ferox at the feast? It is my ruin if the knight has lied and I accuse the King. I know not what is best to do.

[*The three Stewards enter.* ATTICUS *looks at them. He recognizes the* FIRST STEWARD.

ATTICUS

Dear my lord. One moment ere thou speakest a word. (*Taking* SELWYN *aside*) Who is that man who stands there on the lowest castle step?

LORD SELWYN

Chief Steward of the Feast.

ATTICUS

How long has he been here?

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LORD SELWYN

For many moons, but recently he took recess a while.

ATTICUS

'Tis as I thought. Dismiss these men, I've something more to say.

LORD SELWYN

Retire all. But stand in readiness. Some hasty summons I may send. What wouldst thou tell?

ATTICUS

That one thou call'st Chief Steward of the Feast is but a spy upon thee and thy house. He is the selfsame drunken knight I told thee of. The one I met in Ferox's court, who spilled their hellish plot.

LORD SELWYN

Now God forfend. The very spirit of all devilment is hedging us around. Come, go along with me. Be ever at my hand. We'll preparation make against the fell attack. Our eyes upon these plotters we shall keep. Small hope but we shall sink beneath the flood. Still, there's a chance we may dam back the tide until the other kings a quick alliance make against their common foe.

[*All go into castle. The three stewards enter.*

FIRST STEWARD

There's something gone amiss. That long beard billy goat has tooted off his horn. I wonder what he said or if my face he knew. Lord Selwyn's much disturbed.

SECOND STEWARD

Suppose he is? Suppose he was put wise? What matter

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it if everything be known? The All Highest Ferox walks with God. What combination of mankind 'gainst such alliance can prevail?

THIRD STEWARD

That's true enough, but yet our purpose is to know each substance that a shadow makes.

FIRST STEWARD

See twice with your eyes. Hear twice with your ears and sharpen your wits that nothing escapes. Hush! On guard! The hour is at hand.

[*Trumpets blare from four stations. The* CASTLE HERALD *appears and answers the salute. The castle bell peals. Knights, Yeomen and Peasants pouring in.*

THE CASTLE HERALD

The four kings come. Make ready.

[*There is great bustle of preparation for the feast. Tables are brought in. The music of a march is heard and a company of Knights and Yeomen is seen approaching on the hillside.* KING HAGEN'S HERALD *stands forth.*

KING HAGEN'S HERALD

King Hagen comes!

[*Yeomen bring in a throne and put it in place.* KING HAGEN *and his men enter and he takes his place on the throne.*

CHORUS

Star, star of Peace advancing,
Be thou bright as the sun in all his glory!

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Songs, songs of future sagas,
Tell her triumph in music to men!
Cry that Peace shall reign forever!
Let the war-god tremble as he hears!
Peace shall stand as stand the mountains
Through the storms of all the years.

God of peace, now to Thee
Sing thy children in devotion!
To our Lord raise the song—
Lord of power on earth and ocean!
God, to Thee appealing,
Cry we evermore!
Death to war! Death to war!
Send the war-god reeling!

When dust has stopped the trumpet's throat,
A gentler music then shall reign,
And war's old thunder, long remote,
Shall seek the homes of men in vain.
The hands that once took up the steel
Shall strive in love and not in hate,
And hearts that once made war their weal
Shall serve the Comrade State.

[KING HUGO, KING AGNAR, *and* KING FEROX, *each accompanied by Knights and Yeomen, enter after being announced by their respective Heralds. Thrones for the Kings are brought in, on which they sit. Each group sings as it enters, and at the end all join in the song. When it ceases trumpets sound in the castle.*

THE CASTLE HERALD

Lord Selwyn comes!

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[LORD SELWYN, *accompanied by* ATTICUS, *Knights and Yeomen and followed at a distance by the four Princes, enters.*

LORD SELWYN

Your Majesties, I kiss your hands and bow allegiance to your royalty. In the fullness of my heart I welcome you. To the utmost of my poor ability I've kept my sacred pledge: the care and training of your sons. I trust my stewardship is free from blame.

KING HAGEN

Thou hast done well.

KING HUGO

We are well pleased with thee.

KING AGNAR

A knight like thee makes glad his king.

KING FEROX

He who does full duty to his king performs the work of God.

LORD SELWYN

I render thanks, your Gracious Majesties. Go, noble youths, and greet your royal sires.

[*The Princes advance and greet their sires.*

KING HAGEN

Come closer to my heart. Thou givest me back that part of me that I have lacked since last I saw thy face.

PRINCE ERIC

'Tis sweet indeed to greet thee once again.

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KING HUGO

My son, thou growest now to man's estate. I'm over-proud of thee.

PRINCE HAROLD

Be it child or youth or man, my love for thee grows ever with my days.

KING AGNAR

Through thine eyes thy mother looks at me. I find in thee the love of sweetheart and of son.

PRINCE ARNOLD

The tax of double love thou placest on me I know well my heart can give.

KING FEROX

How's this, thou'rt pale and thin, my son! I fear thou shunst the tilt-yard and the practising of arms.

PRINCE ALFORD

Nay, have no fear. I shun no practice that befits a youth who loves his fellowman.

KING FEROX

I like not wholly thy reply.

PRINCE ALFORD

My father, have no fear, to-morrow thou shalt learn how well my leisures have been spent.

LORD SELWYN

And now, my royal subjects, according to the pact of Kings, I am your monitor and Lord. I ask your oath of unity that each to each must give. Cross now your swords

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as symbol consecrate that peace shall reign throughout your realms.

[*The four Kings approach one another and cross swords.*

LORD SELWYN

Do you solemnly renew your oaths to dwell in peace and unity?

THE FOUR KINGS

We do.

KING FEROX (*aside*)

Not.

LORD SELWYN

Then each his sword place thus within my hands as further token of your armistice.

[*The four Kings surrender their swords to their sons, who in turn place the swords in* LORD SELWYN'S *hands.*

LORD SELWYN

Bring forth the coffer.

[*A large box is carried in.*

Thus first are placed these royal swords.

[LORD SELWYN *places the swords in the coffer.*

And now, Sir Knights, I ask of you no less an action than your kings have done. Give up your arms.

[*The Knights and Yeomen march in circle around the coffer and deposit their arms in it. The coffer is then borne into the vault and the key given to* LORD SELWYN.

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LORD SELWYN

The banquet waits.

[*At the large royal table sits* LORD SELWYN *in the center,* KING FEROX *on his right, and* KING HAGEN *on his left. At the ends of the table sit* KING HUGO *and* KING AGNAR.

LORD SELWYN

I drink a health to each and every one. Our hearts are open. Let speech and merriment be unconfined. Come, let's have a drinking song.

[*The Fifth Knight rises at his place.*

FIFTH KNIGHT (*singing*)

When Bacchus in the glowing South
Ordained the use of wine,
Man drank it with enraptured mouth,
And hailed the god divine.
Now if you'll make a draught as good,
We'll crown you ruler of our wood.

When fairies in the northern parts
The heather-ale revealed,
The people drank with merry hearts,
And half their woes were healed.
Now if you'll make a brew as good,
We'll crown you ruler of our wood.

'Tis westward now the vine is grown
That has so fair a fame,
But tho' it bless another zone
It finds our thirst the same.

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We lift the cup to Bacchus good,
And crown him ruler of our wood.

CHORUS

Drink, drink, drink!
We'll drink old Care away!
Let the ringing glasses clink,
And let the night be gay!
Drink, drink, drink!
Here's all the joy of earth!
So drink, drink, drink
To all the stars of mirth!

KING HUGO (*rising*)

I dearly love to hear good songs. 'Tis then we seem to hear a part of us that is a stranger to ourselves speak to another part. It makes a man become a better friend unto himself. The stony part of him takes on a gentleness. The world is better for its songs. I feel myself grow kindlier for every song I hear. Yes, e'en tho' it be a song in praise of drink. Drink in itself is no bad thing, 'tis but the heedlessness of him who drinks that makes the drinking bad; and so a song extolling drink, if seasonably sung, is no less worthy than a hymn. I drink a toast to Drink.

[*All drink.*

CHORUS

Drink, drink, drink!
We'll drink old Care away!
Let the ringing glasses clink,
And let the night be gay!
Drink, drink drink!
Here's all the joy of earth!

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So drink, drink, drink
To all the stars of mirth!

[*There is boisterous laughter at one of the tables.*

LORD SELWYN

What is it that disturbs you at your table there?

FIRST KNIGHT

We'd have a dance, for here's a chap who can out-jig the feet from off a jumping-jack.

LORD SELWYN

Do not hold back. Come let me have thy dance.

[*A* YEOMAN, *encouraged by his fellows, comes forward and dances.*

KING HAGEN

Methinks the dance holds equal place with song. For see you how the muscles work in rhythm to the music's beat. I've danced a great deal in my time and reveled in its joy. 'Twixt song and dance I do elect the Dance and to its functions here I raise my cup.

[*Laughter is heard from one of the groups.*

LORD SELWYN

Nay, let us all share in the laugh. Has some one made a merry quip or told a funny tale?

SECOND KNIGHT

My lord, we did but laugh because this fellow here says banquets are all well enough but he prefers to write a verse of love and pour it in the rose leaf of my lady's ear.

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LORD SELWYN

He may be right, but let us speak him fair and so we do insist he sing for us a song of love.

[*The* THIRD KNIGHT *rises and steps forward.*

THIRD KNIGHT (*singing*)

The dawn danced over the world
With golden-sandalled feet,
And the poppies their petals unfurled
And the green of the year was sweet.
The Lark o'er the asphodels winging
His flight to the heavens above
Seemed to lead all nature in singing,
I'm in love, I'm in love, I'm in love.

I had wandered afield that morning
And my heart was heavy and sad,
But now in a flash came warning
To cast aside gloom and be glad.
So I sang as the birds were singing,
And I mocked at the sorrowing dove,
Till I set all the echoes singing,
I'm in love, I'm in love, I'm in love.

Then I hastened away to the bower
Where I knew my darling would be.
She was there as sweet as a flower
And she put out her hands to me.
Then the morning went mad with dancing
As our heaven-dew kisses fell,
All things were laughing and prancing,
Where love is, where love is, all is well.

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KING AGNAR

That song leaped hot from out the heart. It touched divinity. Love is the breath of God. It sits enthroned in the heart of him whose eyes look toward the stars. No man has ever turned from baser things in stern resolve for betterment, who was not prompted by the voice of love. 'Tis love that tunes the poet's lyre and guides the painter's brush. 'Tis music's soul and vision of the sculptor's eyes. But greater far than all great things is when overswelling love prompts man to serve his fellowman and feels no burden for the joy of the fruition. Where love is in the heart we stand within the presence of our God!

[*He raises his cup.*

LORD SELWYN

And now altho'—quite like a requiem, for sure the thing is dead—but, even so, let's cheer ourselves because the hideous monster's gone and no more to be feared; and so, is any here can sing a song of war?

[*All rise and sing.*

CHORUS

War, to thee, with swords extended
Sing we now thy battle-song.
Where the foeman's ranks are rended
We thy sons belong.

War, from thee, on land and water
Beg we now the battle's birth.
Let the trumpet of thy slaughter
Break on all the earth!

War, to thee, our spears uplifting,
Cry we now with final breath.

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Lo! the battle-vultures, drifting,
Wait the feast of death!

[*All resume their places.*

KING FEROX (*rising*)

I've listened to your words in praise of song, of dance, of love, my pulses quietly attuned as though I were a cat that sat beside a hearth and purred. 'Twas you who sang of war that stirred my blood and made me know I was a man again.

(*turning to* LORD SELWYN)

My noble lord, why cradle into sleep thy better sense with thoughts like anodyne that war is dead? It only lies in watch, and waits its chance to fall upon the world and shake humanity at will. If other nations fatten and grow dull while feeding on this Corpse of Time called Peace, there surely is arising somewhere on this earth a race of supermen to grasp a firmer grip on life in deeper dyed virility. The destiny of man will ne'er be writ in other ink than blood. Thy songs, thy dance, thy arts, thy love but punctuate the years that lie 'twixt one war and another; the years wherein a nation quarrels with itself and smugly says it is at peace.

Why? What is peace? What are its fruits? They flourish for a while until all thought of war is gone and then they rot to weeds. The men decay to women and the women thus made bold grow rank in the belief they equal men. Out of these flaccid and degenerate days of peace there spring the triumphs of incompetence where dolts anoint themselves in self-conceit, and thus abetted by the stupid crowd, they find themselves in seats of might to which their minus talents ne'er can measure up. And so it goes from bad to worse, until war's trumpets sound alarm and

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call to service those who still are men among this mass of stinking vanity and jumbled sex. The world would fall apart were it not for war's compelling force or fear (if so you will) that makes men mindful that they still are men and not a jelly substance pressed into a human form. And so to War I pledge the toast.

[*All rise excitedly.*

LORD SELWYN

King Ferox, thou forget'st thy oath!

KING FEROX

Ha! Ha! How easy 'tis to fright the flock by imitation of an eagle cry. I did but jest. My oath I've not forgot. Your silence pray and hear me out!

[*All resume their seats.*

What I have said is such a speech I would have made in my hot youth, but now the vintage of the years flows calmer through my veins. I hate the name of war and almost weep to think of its necessity. Out of its hell no heaven can emerge. The progress of all nations of the earth would better far be gained through wise administration of their God-appointed kings in friendly council met to settle all their differences, than horribly to hear the frightful call to arms shrieked from the brazen throat of War. There is no cause for men to rot for that a gentle peace sits brooding o'er their land. The murderers of peace are those ungrateful self-exalted fools who kill the gentle age that fosters them. If these be quickly crushed without false sentiment or corrupting gain, then many dangerous sparks are easily snuffed out before they burst to flame. Let people stand forever loyal to their king, and by all proper means assist in the selection of their ablest men to counsel him should he command their aid.

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For what is war? 'Tis but a process for the sorting of mankind. If peace that lesson will but learn from war, then war will pass away. 'Tis cause for grief to think that peace perforce has aught to learn from war. When will we know the fullest harvest gathered from the blood-drenched battle fields of war is far from equal measure with the overflowing fruitage of perpetual peace? That lesson some day will be learned. Then shall an epoch of unending peace be ushered in, yet till it come the hand that guides the state must not discard the mailed glove of might. It may be soon; it may be far away. I see a vision of all time to come beneath the peaceful rule of those whom God, grown weary of the wars, hath called to rule the world. The vision that I see is all too great for words. It seems a new world poured from out the hand of God. If ye shall live some day it shall be yours to see. Pledge deep with me and drink the toast—My Vision of a Peaceful World.

[*There is a flourish of trumpets and the beating of drums.*

LORD SELWYN

There is no more to say. When warlike kings abhor the mailed fist, and stern commands of war make way for benedictions and the prophecies of peace, 'tis time to close our feast and each with grateful heart to hold communion with himself. Within the hour the castle bell shall toll the passing of the day. Good night to every one.

[*The music of the march is heard again. The tables are removed, and all except the Peasants enter the castle.*

FIRST PEASANT

Egad, I thought that Ferox ne'er would lock his jaw. Did ye ever hear so long a talk?

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SECOND PEASANT

Not I, I had a pain while waiting for the end.

THIRD PEASANT

There's much he said was true.

FIFTH PEASANT

Truth often tumbles from a treacherous tongue. He never meant a word he said.

SECOND PEASANT

His dove of peace is but a kite of war smeared white with insincerity.

THIRD PEASANT

Well anyhow, I was much pleased with all said by the other kings.

FIRST PEASANT

I too. But I'm quite tired out. Me for the hay. To-morrow there is much to do. Good night.

[*All go out.*

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DANCE INTERLUDE

A divertissement in four numbers.

First: The world sleeps. *Gentle dreams come to all who sleep well after a day of work or fine achievement. The souls of those who rest in wholesome sleep go forth into the zone whereto they step across the zero point of consciousness, and remember not whither they went nor whence they came.*

Second: The Land of Dreams. *The twinkling stars and the glint of the moon's beams play the accompaniment for dainty tripping of fairy feet.*

Third: Dawn. *The night lights of sweetest sentiment fade into the sterner glow of the dawn. The souls of the sleepers hear the message to return and they bid farewell to the fanciful Land of Dreams.*

Fourth: Daybreak. *The sleepers begin to awake. Man's world will soon be stirring. To the pure, sleep has given fortitude and health; to the evil, it brought no balm.*

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EPISODE II

The scene is the same as in Episode I.

[FEROX *and the Stewards enter.*

KING FEROX

What is thy news?

FIRST STEWARD

Your Majesty, all is prepared. In making semblance that we cleaned the locks we've copied all the keys. There's nothing left undone.

KING FEROX

I did not like the thought Prince Alford spoke in greeting me. Tell me of him.

SECOND STEWARD

He labors here within this shed at night. He once was heard to say he strove to subdue lightning to the bidding of his will. Whate'er it is he makes he has concealed within the room of death there, high upon the castle's wall.

KING FEROX

Why didst thou not see what it was?

SECOND STEWARD

No one dares enter there.

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KING FEROX

What! 'Tis well enough to say of other men they dare not do this thing or that, but thou belong'st to me—a part and parcel of my wish. Thou livest only by suffrance of my will.

(*to the* FIRST STEWARD)

Go get thee to that room of mystery, and though to it there be no key but solid walled about, get in, let nothing be unknown.

FIRST STEWARD

It shall be so. Our lives, our deaths are thine.

[*Stewards go out.*

KING FEROX

I'll hide me here and watch. I have delayed too long in trifling with these stupid kings. They are in my way, but now I'm well prepared to crush them under foot. Almighty God, Thou art my pal. Through all Thy centuries this earth was but Thy plaything—only waiting for my birth. Now give it me and go amuse Thyself elsewhere.

[*Enter* PRINCE ALFORD *from a secret door under the steps. After a moment* LORD SELWYN *and* ATTICUS *enter stealthily and conceal themselves behind a buttress.*

PRINCE ALFORD

The words of Atticus weigh heavy on my heart. Oh, gentle night, whose voice so oft has guided me, must I believe you urged me on but to betray me in dread consequence? This thunderbolt I've tamed, shall it possess its greatest virtue only in its power to destroy? It can not be. The stars have said the truth, and from my own oracular

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soul I draw a confirmation of the visions I have seen. The force that in the hands of man I've placed shall lead him one step forward on his way, not blast him from the path. Come what come may, I cast my gauntlet at the feet of fate. Let me draw an inspiration from my forge and crucible and vassal fire.

[*He goes toward the work-shed and discovers his father.*

My father! Thou—and yet well met. It is too seldom that I see thy face, and though this humid air of night may be unwholesome for thy tired limbs, I am glad thou art here. The darkening hours entice to speech a heart that's running o'er, and I have much to say.

KING FEROX

Thy news will keep till leisure more will serve. The time is short. The mailed fist of Might holds fast the present hour in his grip.

PRINCE ALFORD

What dost thou mean?

KING FEROX

Hast thou not pondered on the royal blood that courses in thy veins, and the source from whence it flows?

PRINCE ALFORD

Thou meanst that in the mirror of myself I see thy image there.

KING FEROX

That is exactly what I mean and I would have thee tell me now how much of me thou seest there.

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PRINCE ALFORD

My tongue must speak in proud conceit, but even so I hope the gentlest part of thee repeats in me.

KING FEROX

Thou answerest out of tune. Too long this Selwyn's fed thee on his mewling pap. Look full into my face and spell out, if thou canst, what's written there.

PRINCE ALFORD

No need to spell it out. Thy speech needs no interpreter, 'tis plain enough. Thy breast is stirring in a deep resolve. I fear thou hast a plan of great significance.

KING FEROX

Thou hast well said. I have. This night shall see an empire born. All lesser kings must pass. To-night we place our feet upon the threshold that leads on to our dominion of the earth. No ruler shall there be, save only me, and after me the line that from my loins has sprung.

PRINCE ALFORD

Thou planst this night a deed of treachery: to slay these kings who here in loving trust and confidence are met.

KING FEROX

Why not? The weakling simpletons. Each one to hold his land must cry out to the other two for aid. Almighty God alone doth rule the Universe, and one All Highest even so must rule the earth,—and I am he.

PRINCE ALFORD

My father, I make bold to tell thee thou art mad. I thought thou hadst foregone thy warlike practices, but

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now I see these peaceful days have been perverted toward a foul intent. Thy recent years have been hypocrisy. Count me not with thee in thy hellish plan. My father, can I not turn thee from this fearful thing?

KING FEROX

I change not. My army's close at hand—e'en now they cautiously creep nigh to open the attack. We have keys to all the gates and portals of the place. The scrimmage will be short. Surrender will be quick. Only the kings and their detested brats shall die, all others crying "Comrade" will be spared. My son, take heed. I speak to thee a message of eternity. It is the will of God.

PRINCE ALFORD

Oh, falsely dost thou misconstrue His will! Now hear me speak. Thou drunkard of thine own self-brewed abomination! Thy brain disturbed by drivel of thy lying court has made thee think thou art supreme. The truth to thee is never told... The task is mine to tell thee that the work of kings is to build up on earth the will of God, and not destroy. What carest thou for aught except thy vain conceit that stinketh like the fetid breath of war? To please thyself thou'dst use the lives of many million men to play thy selfish game. Thou'dst sit and smile and be amused at all the woe and death by thee begot. And then thou'lt say in devil-dyed mendacity: "'Tis for the Fatherland and betterment of man." Thou liest! He who starts a war but for the sake of war is doomed for lowest depth of hell. I tell thee to put by this fell design. Thou canst not win. 'Tis written in the Book of Fate, and I have read it there. I warn thee that this night shall see no empire born for thee, but thy unmourned corpse shall

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be borne hence before the break of day. I've done with thee.

KING FEROX

It had been better that my seed had scattered to the winds and not have fertilized a womb to bear a mental castrate such as thou. Go get within, and let this poultry lord slit wide thy chicken throat. I'd twist thy neck myself, save that I'd lower my estate by such an act. I'll ask Lord Selwyn for thy head and give it thy halved blood brothers for a toy.

[LORD SELWYN *and* ATTICUS *enter the castle.*

PRINCE ALFORD

That shall be as it shall be.

KING FEROX

Faugh! Get thee hence. I go to sound the knell of kings and wake the world to feel my heel upon its neck.

[*He goes out.*

PRINCE ALFORD

My God! Thou askest of me a heavy test. But when the moment comes I shall not fall.

[*He goes out. Trumpets are heard in the castle. A general hubbub ensues and the castle portals open. The four Kings with their Knights and Yeomen pour forth.* LORD SELWYN *enters.*

LORD SELWYN

Your Majesties, and you my knights and men, King Ferox to his oath has proven false. But now, he left the castle to join the forces of his realm that wait hard by. Go open now that vault wherein were placed the symbols

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of man's hate. Bring forth the chest! And ye who hither came with that false king, now get ye in and be interned until the end is known.

[KING FEROX'S *attendants enter the vault and are locked in.*

Let each one take his arms and follow me. Perchance we may withstand their blows till some unknown deliverance shall come.

[*All enter the castle. Trumpets sound alarms, which are followed by the music of battle as* KING FEROX'S *soldiers pour down the hill. A trumpeter blows a blast.*

KING FEROX

Hearest thou, Selwyn! Throw wide thy doors! Deliver up thy royal wards and make surrender to my sovereignty! No harm shall come to those who bow unto my will.

[PRINCE ALFORD *appears on the balcony.*

PRINCE ALFORD

My sire—hear me speak.

[*A spear is hurled at him.*

Your spear fell short, even so shall all your purposes.

[*The* FIRST STEWARD *appears beside* PRINCE ALFORD *on the balcony.*

FIRST STEWARD

The spear fell short but I do not. Here's where we make an end of thee.

PRINCE ALFORD

It is not well to prate, not too loud before your deed is done.

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[*They struggle and* PRINCE ALFORD *hurls the* FIRST STEWARD *over the balcony.*

KING FEROX (*laughing*)

Well done, thou damned perverted pup! Thou hast thy father's stuff in thee, though falsely turned awry. Selwyn, I wait but three blasts of the trump for thy reply.

[*A trumpet sounds thrice. There is no answer.*

Now have at them!

[*They begin to batter down the door.* PRINCE ALFORD *reappears, carrying a number of bombs and a torch.*

PRINCE ALFORD

I bid thee stop, O sire mine! I warn thee yet again. Their deaths and thine be on thy head! I cry for Peace, Peace, once more!

KING FEROX

The sparrow chirping on the wall. Begin—nor cease till all in ruin falls! On! On!

PRINCE ALFORD

So be it then.

[*Lighting one bomb after another he throws them amongst the attackers. A terrific havoc is wrought. Again and again they fall back and again renew the assault. But few are left when a voice is heard to cry, "We can not fight against the might of God!" and the survivors fly shrieking to the hills.* KING FEROX *lies wounded and dying.* LORD SELWYN *appears beside* PRINCE ALFORD *and addresses those below, under the impression that*

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they have won victory by means of some new and terrible weapon.

LORD SELWYN

Ferox—stay but a while thy hand. We will hold parley with thee.

[*He sees the piles of dead and hears the moans of the wounded and realizes his mistake.*

(*to* PRINCE ALFORD)

God! Who has wrought this frightful slaughter of strong men? Alford—thou?—Thy one weak hand against the might of many? Throw wide the doors.

[*He disappears for a moment, then re-enters as the castle door is opened, followed by the Kings,* ATTICUS *and the Knights and Yeomen.*

LORD SELWYN

Where is this traitor king? Here he lies! Alford, descend! Thy sire dies. He has scant hour to live. So, thou false king, altho' with pity should my heart run o'er, I'm glad thy end is come.

[*The other Kings look in disgust and gratification at* KING FEROX. PRINCE ALFORD *leaves the balcony and comes out of the castle.*

PRINCE ALFORD

One word I have to say. God placed His might within my hand, and bade me do His will.

KING FEROX

My end is near. I can not understand. My cup of bitterness is full enough without this added drop—the thought thou art my son.

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ATTICUS (*advancing*)

I love thee not, and am not urged by the intent to dull the pain of ny sting that goads thee at thy darkening hour. 'T is for my love of Alford that I open now my heart, wherein for many years a secret has been locked. Prince Alford is no son of thine, and yet no bastard he. Long, long ago, God breathed a poem in a flower's heart, and from the union came the beauteous maid Godesha. From station far beneath I saw and worshipped her, for like a star she seemed not of this earth but far beyond. By miracle of love she gave her heart and hand to me, and we were wed. She of royal blood and I a humble bard. Our nuptial moon was in its second phase when thy hot lust made her thy queen, and sealed my lips, lest, speaking, I should cause her death and mine. Then nature kept account and in due time her baby boy was born. The product of our loves—no child of thine. She tarried only long enough to give her infant to the world, and as the mother's prayer grew faint upon her petalled lips, her gentle soul went back again into some flower's heart. Prince Alford is my son—not thine.

KING FEROX

Through all his life I have admired him and flattering myself I laid those qualities I loved in him as being of my blood. I have been tricked by man and God. I am my only friend, there is nothing left but this.

[*He stabs himself and dies.*

LORD SELWYN

I ne'er knew thee to do a better thing. Thou hast bequeathed the earth a blessing in thy death. Come, bear

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this body hence. Unclasp not from his hands the unholy crucifix they hold.

[*A knight attempts to take his dagger.*

Let that, his only comfort be within the grave.

[KING FEROX's *body is borne away to the accompaniment of funeral music.* PRINCE ALFORD *weeps bitterly.*

KING HUGO

'Tis well thou weepest. By every tear thou shed'st, thou shalt be raised to lesser depths of hell than where thy sire's gone.

(*to* LORD SELWYN)

I call upon thee, now, my lord, in strict obedience to thy stewardship, to send this youth pellmell along the road his sire went.

LORD SELWYN

My liege, thou hast forgot the words of Atticus. This gentle youth is not of Ferox's get. On him no deathlike service canst thou bid me do.

KING AGNAR

I would not ask his death, and if he were a direct shoot from out that gnarlèd trunk, 'twas he who freed us from the infectious beast who'll worry us no more.

KING HAGEN

Yea, we owe him more than death.

PRINCE ALFORD

Or life or death, I care not which. Perhaps 'twere now most blest to die. There is within my soul an absolute content. The unknown fate of future days may never see

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another moment such as this—wherein a mighty service to mankind bears in its heart the jewel of a new found love.

[*He embraces* ATTICUS.

KING HUGO

Well, let's to sterner conference than waste our time in finding who is who. That Alford is not Ferox's son is all we wish to know. That kingless kingdom now we shall divide between us three. I claim the north and all that lies from River Vaskan to the sea.

KING HAGEN

And is that all thou'dst take? More simply said than done; that choice is mine, for closer to my realm it lies.

KING AGNAR

Ye both mistake. I need it most. It gives to me a pathway that I long have coveted. 'Tis best thou'dst take what south of Vaskan lies—the east part thou.

KING HUGO

How easy 't is for thee to make partition of the land we do not want, and carve the best out for thyself. I'll take no other part than that which I have named.

KING HAGEN

The devil take thy soul before thou dost!

LORD SELWYN

Your Majesties forget Prince Alford, through his mother, is of royal blood descent. His kingdom waits intact.

PRINCE ALFORD

I would not have it so. No throne for me. My life I dedicate to nobler purposes than the tainted lech to rule

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a state. Take you, O Kings, that scepter that my mother's life disdained; I have no use for it. But in dividing it I pray no blood be shed.

KING HUGO

That's our affair—and as for thee, Lord Selwyn, keep out of this! This is a royal conference of kings. What say ye then is mine from Vaskan to the sea?

KING HAGEN

Thou swine! This show of greed gives proof to legend of thy birth, a heated queen cooled off by ministrations of a stable groom.

KING HUGO

Thou liest, thou foul-mouthed cur! Thou spawn of sire diseased, made rotten by a taphouse wench!

KING HAGEN

Better had thy swinish snout held back that damnèd grunt—for now it will be answered by the loud alarms of war. Not only Vaskan to the sea I claim, but both your realms I'll seize. I'll be the Ferox of the land! Come then, my men! My blood is up, and shall not be relieved till floods of other blood shall counterbalance it.

KING AGNAR

Thou thinkest thou art Ferox come again. Thy memory is most short, recalling not his end. Thy end shall be far more inglorious, for thou art but a fool. Thy crown will pay the penalty. Come on, my men, we've tarried here too long! The battle cry of war now calls us hence.

KING HUGO

Why then, have at it, for I'll make the heavens fall, or ever I'll give in! Come, let's away!

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Nay, hear you me!

I tell you there shall be no war. In Ferox's end the will of God was manifest. No one can gain the earth. Full many times it has been tried, and never yet has won. All dreams of empire painted in the horrors of all wars are naught but ashes, or the dead sea's fruit of bitterness. I speak with tongue of prophecy. All war is done. This late-born might by which I checked the force of your weak war-like arms will be transcended by a newer power to set at naught the strength that went before. Shall man's God-given genius ever be directed for the death of men? Is there no goal on earth save that which is a triumph in the lust of death? What then is life except the food of death? I cry aloud against such thought as that! The end of war is close at hand. No more shall putrid royalty protect its infamous abomination and conceit, securely bulwarked by the corpses, mountain high, of noble men. The flower of humanity urged on to slaughter for no other purpose than to save a worthless group of rogues and vagabonds within their useless place! No, no, it shall not be! Hereafter, should the cry for battle fill the air, it shall be left to those whose blood is to be spilled to vote war's declaration. And this shall only be if ever with injustice the entire world goes mad. Nay, war is done indeed! High waves the banner of mankind across the skies, no longer drenched in blood; but proudly it proclaims—Peace be to Earth, Good Will and Love to man.

(*to the Princes*)

My loving comrades, give me now your hands and let me speak for all. No longer have I words for kings. I speak to you, the people now who need must bear the burden of the land. Let not your backs be broken by the added

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weight of king or emperor. Let those who rule hereafter, selected by the people, be from those among you who are wise, and even then let them be safely hedged about by super-councils of the tried and true, lest they in turn be swelled by vanity of kings, or false belief they are the Lord's elect. If it should be that e'er again a people cry for war, it shall be only that all hope for peace is gone by those whose able qualities and worthy lives compelled their choice to represent their nation's rights within a Parliament of all the Lands where bloodless wars are waged.

I call upon you all. Do ye consent?

[*All cry, "We do!" "We do!"*

PRINCE ALFORD

Why, then, you kings, your knell is rung. Your abdications signed and sealed in follies and misgovernment of sacred trusts profaned. It is the Twilight of the Kings. They are passing into night; and now behold, in Truth and Liberty, a new Day dawns upon the world!

[*A deep glow breaks over the forest; it grows in its intensity until the whole world seems englorified in light. The Chorus bursts into the Finale as the orchestra swells and throbs with exultation in the fulfillment and realization that indeed A New Day has dawned upon the World of Man.*

THE END

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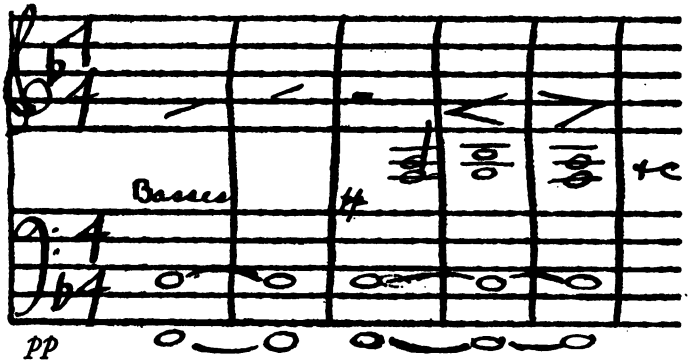
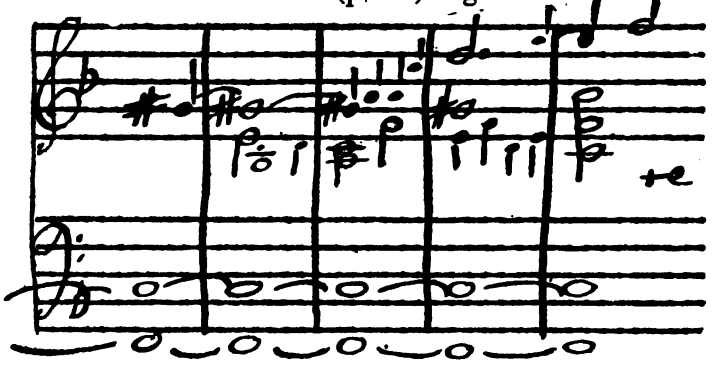
SYNOPSIS OF THE MUSIC

In the Prelude to "The Twilight of the Kings" an attempt has been made to illustrate musically the spirit of the entire play. The first thirty-four bars are built upon a double pedal and are intended to suggest tranquillity.

Andante sostenuto



At bar 20 the first theme (peace) begins:



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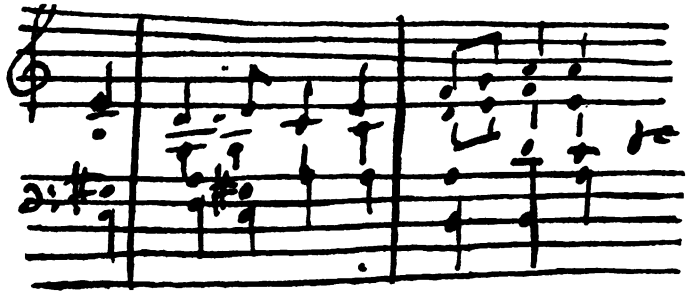
The music becomes more and more animated, till its course is suddenly arrested by a trumpet call which ushers in a subsidiary theme.

SUGGESTION OF THE SECOND THEME

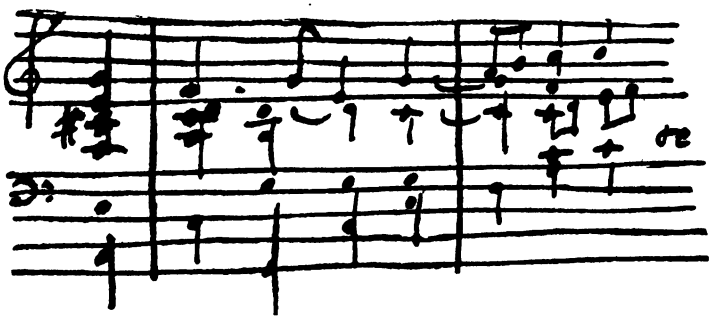
Allegretto grazioso



Wood wind

which leads after considerable development to the second theme:

Andante con moto



Strings and wood wind

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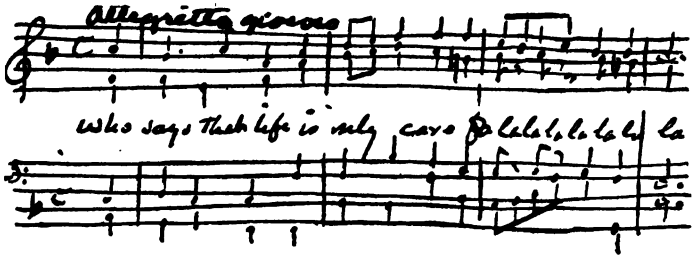
This theme (intended to depict the sturdy, vigorous, peaceful life of the community) is the main theme of the prelude, as indeed of the play itself; for it is used for the Glee, March, Hornpipe and Finale.

The first theme supplies the motive for the Peace Song and the first movement of the Suite de Ballet. The remainder of the Prelude is built upon this second theme and portions of the first theme. The music increases in intensity, the themes becoming more and more distorted, suggesting the turmoil caused by Ferox, till at last it comes to a long pause. A few bars of uncertain tonality suggest the indecision and perplexity apparent after the death of Ferox. This is soon cleared up as the main theme is resumed and brought to a brilliant and triumphant ending.

Early in the play a band of Peasants enters singing a Glee:



Later Atticus sings his Wander-Song, beginning:

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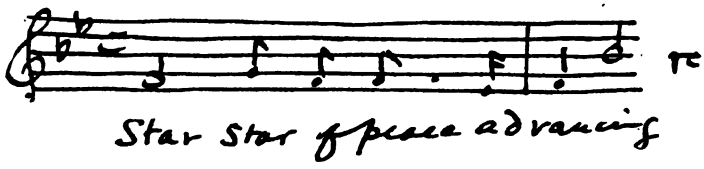
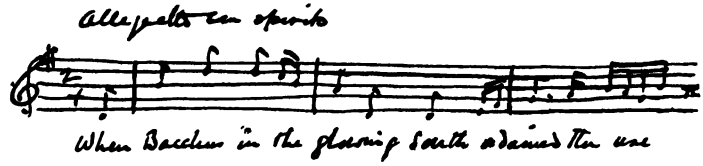
And after a time a Peace Song is introduced:

After a fanfare of trumpets the four Kings and their suites enter, singing as they march:



During the feast a Drinking Song with chorus is sung:



Then a Hornpipe is danced:

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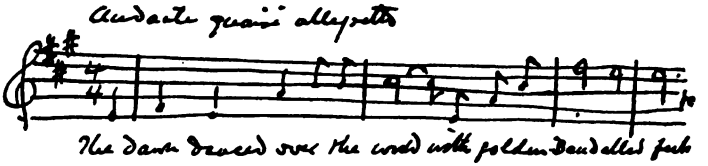
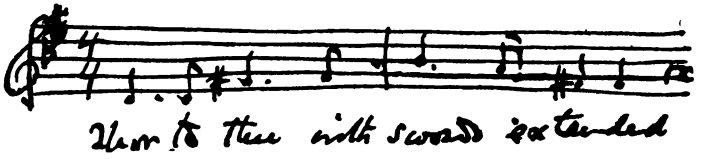
Then a song of Love is sung:



And lastly a Song of War by the chorus:



The Intermezzo consists of a Suite de Ballet in four movements entitled:

THE PASSING OF THE HOURS.

No. 1. Depicts the world in slumber.

Nos. 2 and 3. The coming of the dawn.

No. 4. Daylight and the awakening of the world.

After the death of Ferox, his body is borne away to a funeral march:

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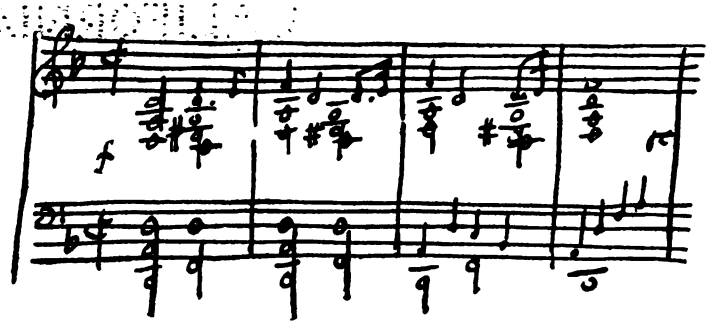

The Finale is constructed on the music of the March.

WALLACE A. SABIN.

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San Francisco Chronicle. Sun. Nov. 15 1925

Death Takes Drama Patron

Richard M. Hotaling, who died yesterday.

ing organized a company to produce Shakespearean dramas. He played the leading roles, and critics and Shakespearean students accredited him with much dramatic ability as well as a profound interpretation of the Bard of Avon.

Hotaling never married. He passed much of his time in literary work on his famous Sleepy Hollow ranch in Marin county. The property was sold recently. Hotaling was worth in excess of $1,000,000, his father having left an estate that at the time of final adjudication was valued at $5,000,000.

Funeral services will be held tomorrow afternoon at 2 o'clock in the residence of Mrs. A. P. Hotaling, the sister-in-law, 1904 Franklin street. Cremation services, which will be private, will be held immediately afterward at Cypress Lawn. The services will be in conformity with

MEMBER OF OLD FAMILY SUCCUMBS

Author of Bohemian Grove Play of 1918 and Player of Leading Role

Progressive Anaemia Following Attack of Pneumonia Proves Fatal

Richard M. Hotaling, widely known member of a pioneer San Francisco family and for many years prominently identified with dramatic and literary affairs of this city, died yesterday shortly before noon. Death was caused by leucocythemia, a progressive form of anaemia.

Discovery that Hotaling was suffering from the ailment was accidental and consequent upon medical attention he received at the time of an attack of pneumonia, according to Dr. Guido E. Caglieri, his physician. The ailment causes a preponderance of white blood cells and is accompanied by serious complications.

Ill on Return From Bohemian Grove Play

Hotaling suffered a serious attack

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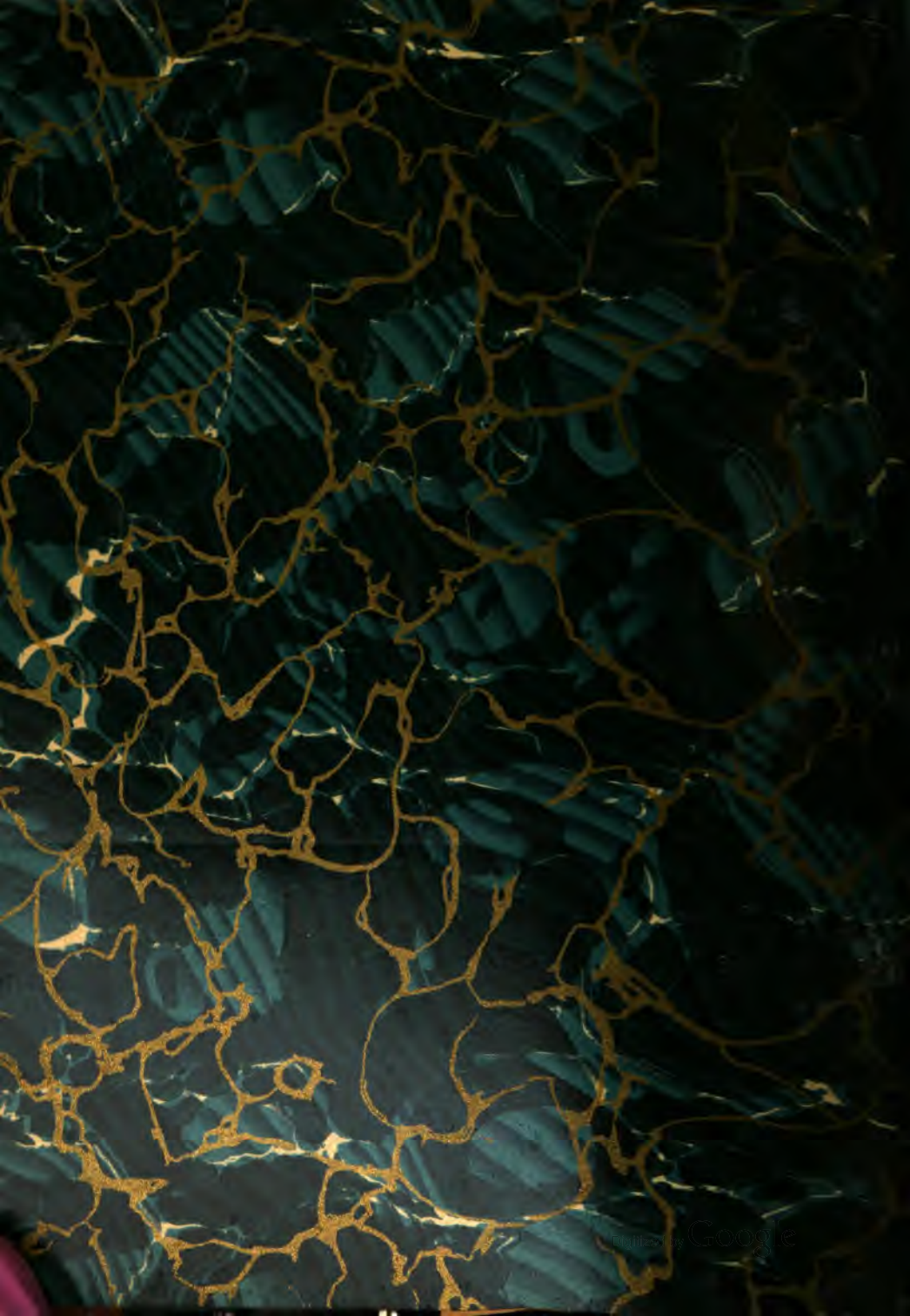

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